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## Miscellaneous.

### Tea Drinking.

There is a certain class of people who take every opportunity of sneering at their neighbors for indulging in the "folly" of drinking tea, which they tell you is poisonous, and for the use of which the Chinese, as they say, make a point of laughing at us. I have generally remarked, that those who in this manner condemn the use of tea, are themselves addicted to the drinking of intoxicating liquids of some kind or other, and that, in most instances, they are not a bit more healthful or more innocent than the unhappy tea drinkers whom they affect to pity. In the way that tea is usually made with a large mixture of sugar and cream, both which ingredients are highly nutritious, it is fully more salutary, and a great deal more refreshing, than any other light liquid that could be poured into the stomach. With all due deference to Cobbett, milk, even entirely divested of its creamy particles, is *heavy*; and though it may be used with advantage as a meal, when work is done in the open air, it can never suit the appetites of the great mass of the people, who are confined by sedentary employments. Milk is the food of men in a rude state, or in childhood; but tea or well-made coffee is their beverage in a state of civilization. It would seem that the civilized human being must use a large quantity of liquid food. Perhaps solid meat is most nutritious; but there are cases in which a small degree of nutriment is quite sufficient. A lady or a gentleman of sedentary habits, does not require to feed like a ploughman, or a gentleman training for a pedestrian excursion. They can subsist in a healthful state with a small quantity of solid food, but they do not do well unless with a large quantity of liquids, and these of a light quality. Good beer has been recommended as a substitute for tea; but beer is at the best a cold, ungenial drink, except to robust people who have much exercise. Beer may certainly be made almost as light as water itself, but in that case it is filled with gaseous matter or confined air, and it cannot be drunk with comfort as a simple refreshment.

It will always be remembered that there are different kinds of tea, and that some are

more salutary than others. Green tea ought by all means be avoided by persons of weak nerves. Black tea is the preference for general use, and, if properly made, will prove antispasmodic, and relieve pains or cramps in the bowels. In some instances, tea does not suit the particular state of the stomach, and it should then be abandoned, the taste naturally pointing out when it should be taken. But no species of prepared fluid seems so suitable to the palates and the stomachs of the people of this country. No kind of drink is so refreshing after a journey or fatigue as tea. It restores the drooping spirits, and invigorates the frame for renewed exertion. No other kind of liquid with which we are acquainted, has the same remarkable influence morally and physically. Fermented or distilled liquors, taken under the same circumstances, either induce intoxication or sleep. It is preposterous to say that tea is poisonous. As there is an astringency in its properties, I believe it would be most injurious were we to live upon nothing else, or drink it as a tincture. But who does either? As it happens to be prepared and used, it answers merely as a refreshing and pleasing drink, either to the solid bread and butter taken along with it, or after a recent dinner of substantial viands. How idle it is to say that this harmless beverage is ruining the constitutions of the people of this country! The very reverse can be demonstrated. The inhabitants of Great Britain use nearly twenty-seven millions of pounds weight of tea annually, which is about the rate of one pound nine ounces on an average for every individual. From thirty to forty years ago, they used a great deal less than the half of this quantity, yet the average length of human life has been greatly extended since that period. The English and the Scotch now use more tea than all the rest of Europe put together, and yet they are the healthiest nation on the face of the earth. The North Americans are also great tea-drinkers, and human life among them is of nearly an equal value. Who would for a moment compare the thin, wretched wines of France and Germany, or the sour kraut of Russia, to the "comfortable" tea of Great Britain, and who would lose time in calculating the different effect of these liquids on the constitution?

Tea has other excellent properties. At this present moment it is putting down the pernicious practice of dram-drinking, and evidently limiting the extent of after dinner potations. It sees to be impossible that a regular drinker of tea can be a lover of ardent spirits; and it is generally observed that as man (or women either) slides into the vice of tippling, he simultaneously withdraws from the tea-table; so true is it that the brutalized feelings of the drunkard are incompatible with the refined sentiments produced by

"The cup which cheers, but not inebriates."

It is hence to be wished that tea, or some other equally simple prepared fluid, should be still more brought into use. Do not let it be urged as an objection that tea is expensive, for even under its excessive dearth, compared with its original cost, it is the cheapest beverage in use. With respect to price, it should not be placed against water or milk. It comes in place of some other indulgence—intoxicating liquors, for instance—respecting the price of which we never heard any complaints even from the lower walks of life. Tea is thus not entirely a superfluity. The clamors as to its fostering habits of evil and light speaking are so antiquated as hardly to deserve notice. Formerly, when tea was exclusively a luxury among women, the tea-table was perhaps the scene where scandal was chiefly discussed. But while I suspect that the same amount of scandal would have been discussed if there had been no tea-tables whatever, I must observe that tea is now partaken of under greatly different circumstances. From being the favorite indulgence only of women, it is now an ordinary domestic meal, and there is no more disposition to draw forth the failings of our neighbors over tea than over roast-beef or punch, at seven o'clock any more than at five. In the upper classes of society, what with late dinners, routs, and frivolities of every description, tea drinking may be put aside as a vulgarity; but as being, in point of fact, a powerful agent in humanizing the harsh feelings of our nature, and cultivating the domestic affections, I trust it will long hold a place in the diets of the respectable middle and lower classes of Great Britain.

*Chambers' Edin. Journal.*

From the New Monthly Magazine.

#### On Hats.

"To begin firste wite their hattes. Some-tymes they use them sharpe on the croune, peaking up like the spere or shafe of a steeple, standing a quarter of a yarde above the croune of their heades; some more, some lesse, as please the phantasies of their inconstant mindes. Other some be flat and broad in the croune, like the battlementes of a house."—*Phillip Stubbes*.

A Hat is the symbol and characteristic of its wearer. It is a sign and token of his avocation, habits, and opinions—the creature of his phantasy. Minerva-like, it bursts forth in full maturity from his brain. It often serves as a beacon to the wary, against lewdness, extravagance, pride, cold heartedness, and vulgarity; vain pomp and parade, unblushing impudence, affected singularity, and many other of the ruling passions, may be detected by its form and fashion. One may ascertain whether a man is whimsical, grotesque, unnaturally gross, rigidly chaste, or venially flexible in his taste, by this infallible test. Much may be deduced, too, from the style in which it is worn. One man entombs his pericranium in his beaver; another sets it so lightly and delicately on, that it seems to be ever "straining upon the start," and, "like the sweet pea, on tip-toe for a flight."

What an infinity of associations are linked and embodied with the different styles and fashions of the head-covering! The monk's cowl, the turban, the miter, and the helmet, would each furnish themes innumerable for dissertation and reflection. One might even descant with advantage on the humble mariner's cap.

I encountered a hat, yesterday, which I had long deemed obsolete; it reminded me of quaint garbs, and the republican names of Cromwell, Fairfax, Ireton, Bradshaw; Blake, with his well-curled mustachios; and of the far-famed battle of Marston-Moor. Henri Quatre, with his particular face and half-closed eyes; the fair Gabrielle, the princely Mary de Medicis, the fierce leaguers, and the desperate fanatic Ravillac, float along with the up-turned brim, shadowing plumes, and strange fashion of their time. The Spanish hat breathes of soft serenades, and the tinkling guitarra, with its delicate voice stealing into the dark-eyed sleeping lady's dream of love, revelling for a moment with all her fanciful and warm ideas, and then gently, and by degrees, awakening her to realities, just as her lover's voice blends gently in, and seduces her to the flower-encircled easement, by some magic rhymes of beauty, love, and constancy eternal. The formal beaver reminds me of cold, voiceless meetings, habitual gravity, William Penn, and the primitive immaculates. An opera-hat is associated with delicious cameos, *eau de mille fleurs*, eloquent dancing, passionate music, and a tiara of living beauty, with bright eyes and beaming brows, sparkling about in delightful exuberance. The small, elegant, white chapeau, with its broad band, polished steel clasp, and fluttering plumes,

speaks to me always of gallant maidens, age, strongly impregnated with molasses, mounted on slender palfreys, and fantastically gamboling over dewy swards, richly begemmmed with gay smiling margarites, and the deep green circles formed by "the light-footed fays." The most pathetic inanimate object I ever beheld, was the gay white beaver of a lively and high-spirited girl, floating on a calm and delusive stream, over its drowned mistress; it was a beacon which none could mistake—a fleeting monument, that spoke more directly to the heart, than perdurable marble or erudite inscriptions.

Every man's hat is a cast of his head, and is strongly tinctured with his habits and prejudices. We may discover as great a variety in hats, as in men. There is your hat bellicose, flaunting, and soldierly, that seems to court applause; and your tame, pusillanimous, and meekly covering, without shape or feature, emollient, pliable, and unresisting as wax; your technical dot-and-carry-one companion to the ledger; and your little, pert, upstart, whipper-snapper chapeau. There is your hat clerical, devout, orthodox, and sanctified; your brazen-looking, up turned symbol of arrogant stupidity; your demure, obtuse, and inflexible receptacle of a Quaker's caput, whose elaborate brim is one of the chief insignia of the sect; and the incomparable and superlative aristocrat, that graces a noble buck's brows, and utterly defies criticism. There is also your deformed, misshapen, unbrushed hat, Benedictine and matrimonial, with its "knotty and combined locks;" and your steady, sober, bachelorly, nap-lacking hat, everlasting and immortal, whose olden fashion and antique hue, prove it to have enjoyed its present situation since its now-wrinkled possessor first entered the East India House as a stylish junior clerk. There is, besides, your majestic hat of capacity and dominion, and your hat subaltern and enaspiring; your profound, bronze-colored, overbearing Johnsonian; and your prying, inquisitive, jealous, and "unsatisfied imp;" your infirm, elderly beaver, and your lusty, coarse, dog's-hair agriculturalist, with its corollary of documents; your hat morose, sullen, and forbidding, with its never-failing accompaniment of an octagon face, scowling eyes, and clenched lips; and your gay, honest, graceful, but negligent harbinger of vivacity and good-humor; your insinuating, silky-smiling cap of salutation and complacency, which oftener graces the wearer's hand than his head; and the supercilious, haughty *noli me tangere*; your money-getting Mosaic slouch; and your worn-out, halilaked, and ruined silk hat, in its last stage of existence, still "smiling at grief," and striving to keep up appearances.

The catalogue is indefinite; but I shall content myself, at present, with naming two or three others only; the delectable light straw Creolian, with its shady and efficient panoply, crowning a made-up, magisterial, monotonous and mahogany, vis-

age, strongly impregnated with molasses, Jamaica rum, and bitter aloes; the poetical vagary, with its infinite and inexplicable bends, contortions, freaks, and undulations, (the maker would not know his own handy work in its present state of uncivilization and absurdity; it always inclines one to fancy that the wearer has lately been "in a fine frenzy rolling;") and the obdurate, hard-brimmed, and frost-bitten hat of antisociality, under which a sharp, thin, satirical, and calumniating nose juts out, with its prolonged extremity beetling over a venomous adder's nest-looking mouth, and a chin that altogether repels communion.

I shall never forget the reverence and awe with which the scholars at — school were wont to inspect the hat of our head-master. "I shall not look upon its like again." It was large and expensive, encrusted with the powder and learned dust of many a year. It was hallowed by recollections of imperative frowns, grave lectures, and profound disquisitions on the Greek and Roman tongues. It would have been deemed akin to sacrilege to touch it irreverently. He often left it in the most conspicuous part of the room, to preserve order in his absence. No one could forget him, who beheld his hat; they were so mixed up and amalgamated together, that the hat was a component, and almost essential part of the man. It looked dominant, impressive, and gubernatorial.

#### Caspar Karlinski.

A POLISH ANECDOTE.

In the course of the sanguinary war which was carried on between the Swedes and the Poles, in the sixteenth century, respecting the rights of Sigismund III., the king of Poland, to the throne of Sweden, the Swedish usurper prepared to invade Poland with the whole force of his kingdom. Sigismund, unable to make head in the field against the overwhelming superiority of the enemy, contented himself with reinforcing the garrisons of his frontier towns, and placing in the chief command, warriors of approved courage and fidelity.

Among others, the king selected Caspar Karlinski, as one on whom he could safely rely in the emergencies of his situation. He was a nobleman, then advanced in years, and renowned among his countrymen, not so much for his wealth or rank, as for the dauntless valor he had frequently displayed in the service of his native land. He willingly obeyed the commands of his sovereign, and repaired immediately to the fortress of Olfizyn, the post assigned to him; for the defence of which, he made every preparation that could be dictated by his long-tried skill and experience.

A formidable body of the enemy soon made their appearance before Olfizyn, and a threatening summons to surrender, was sent to Karlinski. His answer was—"I will obey no orders but those of my king, and will keep the faith I have pledged to him, untarnished till death." The enemy

changed their mode of attack, and made him the most splendid offers—a seat in the senate, the highest rank, and boundless possessions, if he would surrender Olszyn and embrace their party. Karlinski treated their bribes with greater scorn than their threats. The hostile leaders set before him the disproportion of the contending forces, the weakness of his side, and the consequent danger to which he exposed himself by his obstinacy. Karlinski saw only the peril of his country, and remained equally inflexible. Convinced at last of his unbending integrity, and confident of victory, the enemy made a furious attack upon the castle; but through the strength of the walls, the bravery of the besieged, and still more, the skill of their gallant commander, they were repulsed with immense slaughter.

The foe were discouraged by this defeat, but still determined on the attempt to gain by stratagem, what negotiation and force had alike failed in procuring for them. Every disposition was therefore made, as if they intended another assault. The gallant Karlinski, relying on his good cause, and the bravery of his followers, excited as it was by their recent victory, looked fearlessly to the result of their approaching conflict. The adversary advanced still nearer the walls, when their front flank unfolded, and an armed man, leading a woman by the hand, with a child in her arms, came forward. The besieged gazed on one another in astonishment at the unexpected appearance; and Karlinski as if spell-bound, remained looking on it for some time in mute amazement. All on a sudden, he uttered a loud cry, and exclaimed, " Almighty God! it is my son!—my Sigismund!" and fell motionless on the ramparts.

It was indeed his son, whom the enemy had surprised with his nurse and carried away, and had now placed in front of their army; hoping through this expedient, to be able to advance to the castle walls, without being exposed to the fire of the hostile ramparts.

Their cunning was at first successful—the besieged, from their love to their adored commander, dared not discharge a single cannon; and the Swedes approached, undisturbed, almost to the foot of the walls, and prepared to scale them. Karlinski, at this moment, recovered his senses, but it was only to suffer a greater anguish. He saw the danger, but no means of averting it without a sacrifice too dreadful to think of. "I have lost," he cried out, in a despairing voice, "seven brave sons in battle for my country; and is this last sacrifice required from me?" A death-like pause ensued, broken only by the cries of the child, whose features now could be distinctly traced, as he was still carried in advance of the onward moving ranks. Karlinski at last seemed inspired with superhuman strength;—he snatched the lighted brand from one of the gunners—"God!"

he cried, "I was a Pole, before I was a father," and with his own hand, discharged the gun which was to be the signal for a general volley. A tremendous fire was immediately poured from every battlement; it swept away to death Karlinski's infant, and great multitudes of the enemy. The besieged made a vigorous sally; Karlinski was completely victorious, and Olszyn was delivered.

From the New York Mirror.

#### The Minature.

In all her youth and loveliness,  
She lies before me now:  
The same bright curls of shining hair,  
Upon her sunny brow.  
The witching look, the soft blue eye,  
The lip of laughing glee,  
And the blush that burned upon her cheek.  
And the smile I loved to see.

The round white arm is still the same,  
Embraced with jewelled band,  
And the taper fingers seem fresh with life,  
As you mark the lily hand;  
And the painter's skill had caught the hue  
Of the roses in her hair,  
They are pale with envy's withering blight,  
Out-bloomed by the maiden fair.

She moved amid the young and gay,  
Within the lighted hall,  
And she seemed among a thousand girls,  
The fairest of them all.  
It was the last time that we met,  
The hours flew swiftly by,  
And I never deemed a star so bright  
So soon would leave the sky.

She was too pure for weary earth—  
She might not live to feel  
The sadness that should cloud her brow,  
And o'er her spirit steal;  
And in life's young hour she faded,  
Like all cherished things below,  
As buds may wither on the stem,  
E'er yet the roses blow.

Ye may gaze upon this pictured thing,  
And praise the beauty rare,  
Of her speaking eye, and laughing lip,  
And curls of shining hair;  
But you know not half the gentleness  
That dwelt within a breast,  
Where the sorrowing might relieve their woes,  
Where the startled dove might rest.

O, there never moved on earth a form,  
Of more bewitching grace,  
Or a kinder heart, whose gentle thoughts  
Illum'd a fairer face;  
But they all are hid within the grave—  
Bright smile and sunny brow,  
And nought is left but this pictured thing  
That lies before me now.

#### Natural History.

We have been favored with the following account of a very extraordinary species of Larvæ, recently observed by Richard Williams, Jr., Esq., of Drumcondra, in Grumley's Well, at the summit of a little brook that flows down the side of Ticknock, and which, as far as we know, is hitherto undescribed. It habits the water where it fixes its chrysalis in a manner that must excite admiration, and raise it to a rank in the scale of architectural skill far above the bee, the spider, or the termite. Its habita-

tion is a perfect balloon in shape, structure, and intention with this qualification, that its buoyancy is calculated for the watery element instead of the aerial. It is almost exactly shaped like a Florence oil flask, with rather a shorter neck, and is composed of a delicate, opaque, cream white skin, of about the substance of the internal membrane of a silkworm's cocoon. This elegant little balloon, which is about two inches in length and one in diameter, is suspended, mouth downwards, in the running stream, by a most perfect grey silken cord net-work thrown over it (exactly in the style an aeronaut would suspend his car,) which is united at the bottom in three or four strong lines of about an inch in length, each bearing a little stone, by way of anchor, which effectually hold the balloon buoyant with the air bubbles it catches, at a safe distance above the bottom. If it were in still water, it would probably float upright, but in the rapid current of Grumley's Well, it is kept dancing in an inclined direction at an angle of about 45 deg., and about two inches below the surface. Within this little floating vehicle sits the grub unseen, where he, no doubt, incessantly devours "all the fish that comes into his net," the mouth of which, one fourth of an inch in diameter, stands most invitingly open to the current by means of the ingenious plan of anchorage acted on by the little architect. It seems that it possesses complete power to exclude all air and excrementitious matter when the balloon gets inconveniently full, by making the sides collapse, then, suddenly relieving it of tension, the apparatus resumes its natural bulk. He can also quit it at pleasure; and if any rude hand should remove it from the water, he quickly creeps forth, and appears a dark brown soft caterpillar, of about an inch in length, consisting of ten rings, and rather thin in proportion; the head large, polished and divided into two lobes, which move with most devouring action. Along the back, the intestinal tube of a darker brown can be plainly distinguished. Four feet are arranged on each side, one from each of the ring, near the head; the tail is forked, extended about one-eighth of an inch, and terminating with hairs; very delicate hairs may also be seen in place of feet, from the six hinder rings of each side. Its notion (a jerking one) is very quick. If the balloon is touched in the stream, the inhabitant evinces his emotion in sudden jets from the mouth. The balloon and its inhabitant were found, with nine or ten others, arranged (as if intent on fishing) across a branch of the stream, under an overhanging stone, which broke off the force of the water that brought their prey to them.

"The most solemn of birds," says an ancient proverb, "is an owl—the most solemn of fishes an oyster—the most solemn of beasts, an ass—the most solemn of men, an ass also."

**The Monsoon at Madras.**

On the 15th October, the flag-staff was struck, as a signal for all vessels to leave the roads, lest they should be overtaken by the monsoon. On that very morning, some premonitory symptoms of the approaching "war of elements" had appeared; small fleecy clouds were perceived, at intervals, to rise from the horizon, and to dissipate, in a thin and almost imperceptible vapour, over the deep blue of the still bright sky. There was a slight haze upon the distant waters, which seemed gradually to thicken although not to a density sufficient to refract the rays of the sun, which still flooded the broad sea, with one unvarying mass of glowing light. There was a sensation of suffocating heat in the atmosphere, which at the same moment, seemed to oppress the lungs and depress the spirits.—Towards the afternoon, the aspect of the sky began to change; the horizon gathered blackness, and the sun, which had risen so brightly, had evidently culminated in glory to go down in darkness, and to have his splendor veiled from human sight by a long, gloomy period of storm and turbulence. Masses of heavy clouds appeared to rise from the sea, black and portentous, accompanied by sudden gusts of wind, shortly died away, being succeeded by an intense, death-like stillness, as if the air were in a state of utter stagnation, and its vital properties arrested. It seemed no longer to circulate, until again agitated by the brief but mighty gusts which swept fiercely along, like the giant herald of the storm. Meanwhile, the lower circle of the heavens looked a deep brassy red, from the partial reflection of the sunbeams, upon the thick clouds, which had now every where overspread it. The sun had long passed the meridian, and his rays were slanting upon gathering billows, when those black and threatening ministers of the tempest rose rapidly towards the zenith.

The dim horizon lowering vapors shroud,  
And blot the sun yet struggling thro' a cloud;  
Thro' the wide atmosphere, condensed with  
haze,  
His glowing orb emits a sanguine blaze.

About four o'clock, the whole sky was overspread, and the deep gloom of twilight was cast over the town and sea. The atmosphere was condensed almost to the thickness of a mist—which was increased by the thin spray scattered over the land, from the sea, by the violence of the increasing gales. The rain now began to fall in sheeted masses, and the wind to howl more continuously; which, mingling with the roaring of the surf, produced a tumultuous union of sounds, perfectly deafening. As the house which we occupied overlooked the beach, we could behold the setting in of the monsoon, in all its grand and terrific sublimity. The wind, with a force which nothing could resist, bent tufted heads of the tall, slim, cocoa-nut trees, almost to the earth, flinging the light sand into the air,

in eddying vortices, until the rain had either so increased its gravity or beaten it into a mass, as to prevent the wind from raising it. The pale lightning streamed from the clouds in broad sheets of flame, which appeared to encircle the heavens, as if every element had been converted into fire, and the world was on the eve of a general conflagration; whilst the peal which instantly followed, was like the explosion of a gunpowder magazine, or the discharge of artillery in the gorge of a mountain, where the repercussion of surrounding hills multiplies, with terrific energy, its deep and astounding echoes.—The heavens seemed to be one vast reservoir of flame, which was propelled from its voluminous bed by some invisible but omnipotent agency, and threatened to fling its fiery ruin upon every thing around. In some parts, however, of the pitchy vapor by which the skies were by this time completely overspread, the lightning was seen only occasionally to glimmer in faint streaks of light, as if struggling, but unable to escape from its prison, igniting, but too weak to burst, the impervious bosoms of those capacious magazines, in which it was at once engendered and pent up. So heavy and continuous was the rain, that scarcely any thing save those vivid bursts of light which nothing could arrest or resist, was perceptible through it. The thunder was so painfully loud, that it frequently caused the ear to throb; it seemed as if mines were momentarily springing in the heavens, and I could almost fancy that one of the sublimest fictions of heathen fable was realized at this moment before me, and that I was hearing an assault of the Titans. The surf was raised by the wind, scattered in thin billows of foam, over the esplanade, which was completely powdered with the white feathery spray. It extended several hundred yards from the beach; fish upwards of three inches long, were found upon flat roofs of houses in the town, during the prevalence of the monsoon—either blown from the sea, by the violence of the gales, or taken up in the water spouts, which are very prevalent in this tempestuous season. When these burst, whatever they contain, is frequently carried by the sweeping blast to a considerable distance over land, and deposited in the most uncongenial situations; so that now, during the violence of these tropical storms, fish are found alive on the tops of houses; nor is this any longer a matter of surprise, to the established resident in India, who sees, every year, a repetition of this singular phenomenon. I have mentioned the intense loudness of the thunder; but between its pauses, as the hurricane increased, the roaring of the surf was scarcely less loud, so that there was an unceasing uproar, which, to those who live near the beach, was most distressing, though the sublimity of the scene fully compensated for any annoyances which were induced by this fierce collision of the elements. During the extreme violence of the storm, the heat was occasionally almost

beyond endurance, particularly after not a breath of air could be felt; and the punka afforded but a partial relief to that distressing sensation which is caused by the oppressive stillness of the air, so well known in India, while the monsoon prevails. This was not our only inconvenience; insects of all kinds crept along the walls, and the most disagreeable reptiles crawled over the floors. Legions of ants, cockroaches, and lizards, were forced from their dark recesses, by the torrents, and absolutely invaded us.—Scorpions, toads, centipedes, and even snakes, made free entrance into our apartments, as if they had been Hindoo lazarettos, for the reception of wandering and homeless reptiles. The toads, centipedes, and snakes, we could manage to destroy; but the scorpions, lizards, ants, and cockroaches, defied us by their numbers, and maintained a complete, though not undisturbed possession of our chambers.—*Oriental Amulet*, 1834.

**'Tom Jones.'**

Fielding, having finished the manuscript of 'Tom Jones,' and being at the same time, hard pressed for money, went with it to one of your second-rate booksellers, with a view of selling it for what it would bring at the moment. He left it with this trader in the children of other men's brains, and called upon him the succeeding morning, full of anxiety, both to know at how high a rate his labors were appreciated, as well as how far he might calculate upon its producing him wherewithal to discharge a debt of some twenty pounds, which he had promised to pay the next day. He had reason to imagine, from the judgment of some literary friends, to whom he had shown his manuscript, that it should, at least, produce twice that sum. But, alas! when the bookseller, with a significant shrug, showed a hesitation as to publishing the work at all, even the moderate expectations with which our Cervantes buoyed up his hopes, seemed at once to close upon him, at this unexpected and distressing information.

"And will you give me no hopes?" said he, in a tone of despair. "Very faint ones, indeed, sir," replied the bookseller; "for I have scarcely any, that the book will move." "Well, sir," answered Fielding, "money I must have for it, and little as that may be, pray give me some idea of what you can afford to give for it?" "Why, sir," returned our bookseller, again shrugging up his shoulders, "I have read some part of your 'Jones,' and, in justice to myself, must even think again, before I name a price for it;—the book will not move; it is not to the public, nor do I think any inducement can make me offer you more than twenty-five pounds for it." "And that you will give for it," said Fielding, anxiously and quickly. "Really, I must think again, and will endeavor to make up my mind by tomorrow morning. The book is yours for the twenty-five pounds, but that must positively be laid out for me when I call. I am

pressed for the money; and, if you decline, must go elsewhere with my manuscript." "I will see what I can do," returned the bookseller; and so the two parted.

Our author, returning homewards from this unpromising visit, met his friend Thomson the poet, and told him how the negotiation for the manuscript, which he had formerly shown him, stood. The poet, sensible of the extraordinary merit of his friend's production, reproached Fielding with his head-strong bargain; conjured him, if he could do it honorably, to conceal it; and promised him, in that event, to find him a purchaser, whose purse would do more credit to his judgment. Fielding, therefore, posted away to his appointment the next morning, with as much apprehension lest the bookseller should stick to his bargain, as he had felt the day before, lest he should altogether decline it. To his great joy, the ignorant trafficer in literature, either from inability to advance the money, or a want of common discrimination, returned the manuscript very safely into Fielding's hands. Our author set off, with a gay heart, to his friend Thomson, and went in company with him, to Mr. Andrew Millar, (a popular bookseller at that day.) Mr. Millar was in the habit of publishing no work of light reading, but on his wife's probation; the work was, therefore, left with him; and some days after, she having perused it, bid him by no means to let it slip through his fingers. Millar accordingly invited the two friends to meet him at a coffee house in the Strand, where, having disposed of a good dinner and two bottles of port, Thomson at last suggested, "It would be as well if they proceeded to business." Fielding, still with no little trepidation arising from his recent rebuff in another quarter, asked Millar what he had concluded upon giving for his work. "I am a man," said Millar, "of few words, and fond of coming to the point; but really, after giving every consideration I am able to your novel, I do not think I can afford to give you more than two hundred pounds for it." "What!" exclaimed Fielding, "two hundred pounds!" "Indeed, Mr. Fielding," replied Millar, "indeed, I am sensible of your talents, but my mind is made up." "Two hundred pounds!" continued Fielding, with undiminished surprise—"Allow me, Mr. Millar, to ask you—whether—you—are—*serious*?" "Never more so," replied Millar, "in all my life; and I hope you will candidly acquit me of every intention to injure your feelings, or deprecate your abilities, when I repeat, that I cannot positively afford you more than two hundred pounds for your novel." "Then, my good sir," said Fielding, recovering himself from this unexpected stroke of fortune, "give me your hand; the book is yours. And waiter," continued he, "bring us a couple of bottles of your best port."

Before Millar died, he had cleared eighteen thousand pounds by 'Tom Jones,' out

of which he had the generosity to make Fielding presents, at different times, in various sums, till they amounted to two thousand pounds. And he closed his life, by bequeathing a handsome legacy to each of Mr. Fielding's sons.

#### FREEDOM OF THE MIND.

I call that mind free, which masters the senses, which protects itself against animal appetites, which continues pleasure and pain in comparison with its own energy, which penetrates beneath the body, and recognizes its own reality and greatness, which passes life, not in asking what it shall eat or drink; but in hungering, thirsting, and seeking after righteousness.

I call that mind free, which escapes the bondage of matter—which, instead of stopping at the material universe and making it a prison wall, passes beyond its Author, and finds in the radiant signatures which it every where bears of the Infinite Spirit, helps to its own spiritual enlargement.

I call that mind free, which jealously guards its intellectual rights and powers; which opens itself to light, whencesoever it may come; which receives new truth as an angel from heaven, which, while consulting others, inquires still abroad, not to supersede, but to quicken and exalt its own energies.

I call that mind free, which sets no bounds to its love, which is not imprisoned in itself or in a sect, which recognizes in all human beings the image of God, and the rights of his children; which delights in virtue, and sympathizes with suffering wherever they are seen; which conquers pride, anger and sloth, and offers up itself a willing victim to the cause of mankind.

I call that mind free, which is not passively formed by outward circumstances, which is not swept away by the torrents of events, which is not the creature of accidental impulse; but which bends events to its own improvement, and acts from an inward spring, from immutable principles which it has deliberately espoused.

I call that mind free, which protects itself against the usurpations of society, which does not cower to human opinion, which feels itself accountable to a higher tribunal than man's, which respects itself too much to be the slave or the tool of the few.

I call that mind free, which through confidence in God, and in the power of virtue, has cast off all fear, but that of doing wrong; which menace nor peril can enthrall; which is calm in the midst of tumults, and possesses itself, though all else be lost.

I call that mind free, which resists the bondage of habit, which does not mechanically repent itself and copy the past, which does not live on its own virtues, which does not enslave itself to precise rules; but which forgets what is behind, and listens for new and higher monitions of conscience, and rejoices to pour itself forth in fresh and higher exertions.

I call that mind free, which is jealous of its own freedom, which guards itself from being merged in others, which regards its empire over itself as nobler than the empire of the world.

In fine, I call that mind free, which, conscious of its affinity to God, and confiding in its promises by Jesus Christ, devotes itself faithfully to the unfolding of all its powers; which passes the bounds of time and death; which hopes to advance forever; and which finds inexhaustible power, both for action and suffering, in the prospect of immortality.

Such is the spiritual freedom, which Christ came to give. It consists in moral force, in self-control, in the enlargement of thought and affection, and in the unrestrained action of our best powers. This is the great good of christianity; nor can we conceive a greater, within the gift of God.

#### LUCIFER.

BY A. G. GREENE.

"How art thou fallen from heaven, O, Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations!—for thou has said in thine heart, 'I will ascend into heaven. I will exalt my throne above the stars of God!—I will be like the Most High!'"—ISAIAH.

Son of the Morning! where art thou? Where is thy heaven-born glory now?— Borne down by the Eternal Will, O'erpowered—but retaining, still, Some traces of thy nobler part, Sublime in ruin, still, thou art.

Son of the Morning! once thy form Was, with celestial beauty, warm: The matchless grace which then it showed, In the Third Heaven's resplendence glowed, What peerless notes were on thy tongue, When loud the bless'd Hosanna rung!

Thou wert the brightest in the zone Of Seraphs 'round the Eternal's throne: That view was open unto thee, Which mortal eye can never see: Thy feet, with Heaven's own radiance bright, Once trod the paths of living light: None, but the arm of Mighty Divine, Could hurl thee from a seat like thine.

Son of the Morning! where art thou? Where is thy heaven-born glory now? Thy form;—there is a grandeur there— But 'tis the grandeur of despair: There is a radiance in thine eyes— But 'tis the fire that never dies: Still, in thy degradation, great; Despising Time, and scorning Fate!

Redeeming Love is not for thee— Immutable is Heaven's decree— Ages shall pass to ages gone; Eternity will circle on; All mortal joy and woe shall cease; All nature's motion be at peace: But thou must stand, from all apart— And be, forever, what thou art. Immutable thy fate must be— Redeeming Love is not for thee.

Two females of ungovernable temper, wishing to settle their differences, went out into the street, in New York, on the 3d inst. and, contrary to the character of the sex, engaged in a regular fight. An officer brought them both up, and they were committed to prison.

**Picture of a New England Family.**  
BY REV. JAMES FLINT.

Let the time be a winter evening—the scene be the country in the midst of a storm, when the falling columns of snow are rushing from the North,—when the careering winds, let loose from the polar regions, howl mournfully abroad, and sigh through every listed door and chasm that will admit their breath ;—at a time like this, and in a scene so dreary and desolate and tumultuous without, let us look into the decent dwelling of the husbandman or mechanic whose circumstances are neither above nor below the golden mean of New England competence. However gloomily the storm may rage without, the fire blazes cheerfully within. Industry with a prudent forethought, has collected and secured her various stores, and has not been sparing of her toils. There is enough and to spare laid up to gladden the hearts of the family group with a sense of plenty and warmth and comfort within, in contrast with the cold sterility and desolation, that reign without. Indeed, all the light and genial warmth and comfort within are deeply enhanced by contrast with the cheerless and dismal aspect of things abroad. The father, whose nerves are braced with honest industry and toil,—whose robust frame and clear eye bear unequivocal marks of temperance and inward peace,—can look round, with a contented and glad heart, upon the smiling circle,—the wife of his youth, the mother of his children, engaged in useful occupation or innocent pastime,—with her children about her the while listening to the passing news from abroad, to an instructive book or to the tale of other times, or to the narratives of the traveler, perhaps of things and sights most marvellous and passing strange. He is sole monarch of this little blissful empire. All his subjects love him and love each other, Ambition has infused no storm into their tranquil bosoms. False pride or shame has never made them sigh for costly pleasures. Ill-nature, scowling discontent, sour moroseness spoils not a single face in the whole group. They heed not the riot and uproar of the storm abroad. All is harmonious and peaceful within. The memory of years and events that are passed, is recalled by the father, and his bosom dilates with joy as he recounts, while the countenance of his children brighten with the glow of patriotic sympathy as they listen to the history of the times that tried men's souls, of the heroic sacrifices and achievements of the asserters and defenders of our independence, of the battles they fought, the privations they endured, the virtues they displayed, that they might live and die free and leave their children to call their lands and their pleasant homes their own without a master. Behold the scene ! It is the sole surviving trace of paradise on earth, unspoiled by the perverted tastes and distempered cravings of artificial life, or the costly inventions of pride and luxury. And

when, having duly invoked and thanked the author of all their mercies they retire to rest, it is as sweet, as tranquil and profound, as is the sleep of infants empty of all thought.' Who will not say, 'peace be within this house.' 'The secret of the Lord remain upon it' and may he give his angels charge to watch over it. And when its blameless and happy tenants are summoned away from this asylum of their purest joys, affections and virtues on earth, may it be to a tearless and deathless mansion in their Father's house in heaven.

Lorenzo de Medici, upon his death bed, sent for Savonarola to receive his confession and grant him absolution. The severe anchorite questioned the dying sinner with unsparing rigor. 'Do you believe entirely in the mercy of God?' 'Yes I feel it in my heart.' 'Are you truly ready to restore all the possessions which you have unjustly acquired?'—The dying duke hesitated ; he counted up in his mind the sums which he had hoarded ; delusion whispered that nearly all were the acquisition of honest inventions ; self-love suggested that the sternest censor would take but little from his opulence. The pains of hell were threatened if he denied ; and he gathered courage to reply, that he was ready to make restitution. Once more the unyielding priest resumed his inquisition. 'Will you resign the sovereignty of Florence, and restore the democracy of the republic?' Lorenzo, like Macbeth, had acquired a crown ; but, unlike Macbeth, he saw sons of his own, about to become his successors. He gloried in the hope of being father of princess, the founder of a line of hereditary sovereigns. Should he resign this brilliant hope ? Should he be dismayed by the wild words of a visionary ? Should he tremble at the threats of a confessor ? Should he stoop to die as a merchant when he had reigned as a monarch ? No ! though hell itself were opening beneath his bed. 'Not that ! I cannot part with that.' Savonarola left his bedside with indignation, and Lorenzo died without shrift.

**THE "SAINT GREGORY" OF ANNIBAL CARACCI.**—At the time when the French army were on their triumphant march through Italy, all were anxious to dispose of the valuables they possessed ; so that the finest productions of art were every where offered for sums far below their value ; and to such an extent did this ransacking of the palaces proceed, that the pope issued his edict forbidding the exportation of all works of art, except with the permission of a committee learned in those matters, who had positive directions to let no work pass which might be considered a loss to the collections of the city. It was at this period that Lord Northwick was at Rome, when, not a little to his surprise, an offer was made to him of the "St. Gregory" of Annibal Caracci—but as a secret; for should the learned committee hear of it, for certain its depar-

ture would be prevented. What was to be done ?—My lord was willing to purchase, yet fearful to lose his prize. A happy thought was hit upon. A poor dauber was sent for, who was ordered to paint in body color, over it, a copy of the "Archangel Michael," of Guido. This was done, and a vile affair it was. When the picture, thus prepared, was ready for the packing case, a learned cardinal who was on the committee of taste, was requested to see the picture before it was sent away. He came, and not a little did he smile at the taste of the noble patronizer of art, in sending to England such a villainous daub. A gentle hint was given, that it was hardly worth the expense ; but my lord was all in raptures with it, and off it went. When the case arrived in England, several of the first collectors of the day were invited to see the unpacking of it, upon the promise of being shown a marvellous work. The picture was unpacked, and the "St. Michael" of Guido stood before them. At first they stared at the picture, then at each other, then at my lord. After enjoying their surprise some time—"Really," said he, "gentlemen, you hardly admire the picture so much as I had imagined persons of your judgment would have done. Give me a sponge, for the dust, I see has destroyed some of the brilliancy of the coloring." A sponge was brought. Another stare was given by them all, while my lord began rubbing away at the picture. Not long had he rubbed, before to their surprise, out peeped the matchless head of St. Gregory ; another rub, and the attendant and angels appeared ; again, and the magnificent picture was visible, to their great admiration and delight. Lord Northwick afterwards parted with it, and it is now one of the finest in the splendid collection of the Marquis of Strafford.

**IMPORTANCE OF A COMMA.**—When the infamous Eleanor, queen of the First Edward of England had determined upon murdering her husband, she consulted the head of the Church, as to its expediency. The Pope returned the following answer, written in Latin, as was then usual with all clerical documents ; and of which Eleanor and her bloody confederates knew as much as they did of the Chaldaic :

"Edvardum occidere nolite, timere bonum est."

Literally, "Slay not King Edward, to fear (that is, to be cautious, (is good.)"

The Pope's Legate, who was one of the conspirators, and to whom this bull was directed, erased the comma after "nolite," and inserted it after "timere ;" making the sentence read thus :

"Edvardum occidere nolite timere, bonum est."

"Be not afraid to kill King Edward it is a good action."

Armed with this authority, the conspirators murdered the unhappy monarch, with circumstances of the most frightful cruelty.

**Power of Music.**

The following incident occurred to B. Romberge, at a concert which he gave at Petersburgh in April last. It affords a fresh proof of the influence of music over animate beings. The Countess of R—, who was seated in the first row of benches, observed a large spider, which gradually moved nearer and nearer to the player whilst he was performing, and, when it had approached to a very short distance from him, stood perfectly still, as it listened to his delightful play. A loud and violent chord, however, seemed, either from the noise it occasioned, or the vibration it produced on the floor, to scare the insect, and it ran towards the Countess, who in her fright, begged a neighbor not to tread it under foot, but to make it move in another direction. Romberge, in the mean while, had come to a softer passage, at which the spider, instead of continuing his flight, turned back and approached close to the performer, and remained transfixed to the spot until he had finished his solo. The spider, which then disappeared, had not escaped Romberge's attention too. He observed that it had frequently occurred to him to remark a similar fondness for soft and gentle melodies in other insects of the same species; which he conceives to arise from the peculiar harmony of the violin-cello:

**A BRIEF HISTORY.**—Major Noah gives this brief account of himself:—

We alluded in a pleasant way to the former reputable occupation of the editor of the Standard, an illustrative of the difficulty of passing rapidly and successfully from one pursuit to another; and in reply, he threatens to point out our early occupations.

The story is soon told. We were a poor boy, of decent parentage and some education; a mechanic and working man, then a student at law; an editor; a foreign consul; then holding several offices of honor and profit; an old bachelor; then a married man; a faithful husband, free from all vice. We fight no cocks; run no horses; play no cards. What we have, we have earned by industry; we had no father to lavish thousands upon us, no rich relations to advance our fortunes. This is our history, and we are not ashamed of it. We have advanced ourselves from the ranks, the same as Henry Clay and Martin Van Buran have done. We like shining examples. What is being born to fortune?

**Rousseau.**

The history of this extraordinary man presents him in a singular point of view.— Author of many brilliant productions on morals, politics, &c., he commenced his career, as he himself says, by being a liar, pretender, and thief. He confesses actions of the greatest baseness that ever were committed; and yet states, in the commencement of his biography, his opinion

that every man is equally culpable with himself. One of these actions is the following: having stolen some petty article, he accused a servant girl of the theft, and saw her tried and condemned, without owning it. Born of obscure parents, this immortal genius passed the first thirty years of his life in various menial situations; and at one time, rode behind a nobleman's carriage, as a valet. (This fact, though stated in the Biographie Universelle, is thought by many to be doubtful.) He wrote nothing until thirty-seven years of age, when he received a prize for a dissertation from the Academy of Dijon. No man ever gave such eloquent pictures of passionate attachment as are to be found in his writings; yet, in fact, he spent the greater part of his life with a low and vulgar woman, completely under her influence; and finally married her, to the vexation and disgust of his friends. After giving the most philosophical rules on Education, the duties of parents, &c., his own children, five in number, were sent on the birth of each, to the "Hospital des Enfants," and were never afterwards seen by him. He was the most restless, unhappy of men; and while his works commanded the admirations of his age, he himself was but too justly disliked by every one of his acquaintance. He lived in poverty and without respect, while his works passed through an immense number of editions. In short, Rousseau was an instance of brilliant insanity; and the few triumphant and lasting specimens of his genius are sadly counterbalanced by a life wanting in every requisite for usefulness or happiness.

—*Prov. Lit. Journal.*

**BRIDGES.**—One of the most curious provincial bridges in Great Britain is that at Taff, in Glamorganshire. It is of one arch, and its space is rather more than one hundred and forty feet. The architect of this bridge was a poor, uneducated man, and the persevering courage with which he pursued his object till the completion of the edifice, is worthy of record. His first attempts failed in consequence of the enormous pressure of the haunches or sides of the bridge, which formed up the key stone, and to obviate this he pierced the stone work with cylindrical apertures, which remedied the defect. Prior to the erection of this bridge, that of the Rialto had the largest span of any in existence.

**REMARKABLE PRESERVATION.**—The Emma, of Harwich, Geo. Cant, master, on her voyage to Gottenburg, fell in, off the Dodder Bank, with a large Finland vessel, laden with timber, for London, bottom upwards, upon which was a man, who had just made his way through the bottom of the vessel. It appears that she was upset in a gale, and seven of her crew were drowned; four others in the cabin were driven through a small hatchway in the floor. Here, without food, and in darkness, they remained four days and nights. Providentially they

found a spike and a ballast stone; they sharpened the spike, and began to pick away the planks and timbers of the vessel's bottom over head, and succeeded in making an outlet through a timber 14 inches, and the plank 3 1/2 inches thick, when with a stick and slip torn from a shirt, they made their signal of distress. At length the opening was made large enough to admit of the whole of their number getting through which they had not long effected before they were all so fortunately rescued by the Emma.

The House may stand in castellated pride for many generations, and the domain smile for many ages, in undiminished beauty. But in less, perhaps, than half a generation, death will shoot his unbidden way to the inner apartment, and without spoiling the lord of his property, he will spoil the property of its lord. It is not his way to tear the parchment and the rights of investiture, from the hands of the proprietor; but to paralyse and so unlock the hands, and then they fall like useless and forgotten things away from him.

It is thus that death smiles in ghastly contempt on all human aggrandizement; he meddles not with the things that are occupied, but he lays hold of the occupier; he does not seize on the wealth, but he lays his arrest on the owner; and he forces away his body to the grave, where it crumbles into dust, and in turning the soul out of its warm and well favored tenement, he turns it adrift on the cheerless waste of a desolate and neglected eternity.—*Chalmers's*

**AN ARDUOUS DUTY.**—The person whom Captain Ross took with him as mate to the Arctic regions, obtained there the command of a whaler, called the North Pole, the captain of which had died. A person inquiring whether the mate had arrived with the gallant captain and his comrades, was informed that he had remained behind to bring home the North Pole.

**NOBLE SENTIMENT.**—I have ever had in my mind, that when God should cast me into such a condition as that I can not save my life but by doing an indecent thing, he shows me the time is come wherein I should resign it; and when I can not live in my own country but by such means as are worse than dying in it, I think he shows me I ought to keep myself out of it.—*Algernon Sidney.*

Dr. Welsh, of Annapolis Md. has completely cured himself of numerous warts on his hands, by sending electrical sparks through them five minutes daily for five days.

We regret to state that we are not able to give our readers the conclusion of the Tale, which was commenced in No. 22,—but it is no fault of ours, the author states that he has mislaid it, but says he will furnish another copy in season for our next.

**Song.**

Long as the sun shall rise in might,  
And scatter peerless beauty:  
Long as the moon shall rule the night,  
And stars perform their duty;  
Long as this globe on which we stand,  
Shall roll around its center,—  
So long shall Friendship's fostering hand,  
Build bowers, and man shall enter.  
  
Long as the rose—the brightest gem,  
The lovely queen of flowers,  
Shall sit upon her mossy stem,  
Amidst those fragrant bowers,  
Emitting odors all around,  
By gentle breezes parted;  
So long shall Friendship's power abound,  
To heal the broken hearted.  
  
And when the withering blasts of time,  
Shall tell us we're decaying:  
When death within this icy clime,  
Forbids our longer staying;  
Then Friendship's mild and genial ray,  
For consolation given,  
Shall, through the darkness, guide the way,  
And point the path to heaven! J. B. W.

**KROUT CLUB.**—Perhaps it is not generally known that there exists in the city of New York, a society of *bon vivans*, ycleped the ‘Krouw Club,’ the members of which are mostly, if not all, of Dutch origin or extraction—lineal descendants of the old Knickerbocker stock. Once a year—or as much oftener as they please, they ‘hold a solemn feast’ in honor of the customs of their forefathers. On such occasions the festive board is loaded with every dainty which the season affords; but the most prominent and characteristic viands are sour krount, smoked goose, &c. &c. The presiding officer at these banquets, who is honored with the title of a king, is generally clothed in a regal robe, made of cabbage-leaves, while his royal brows are encircled with a diadem of the same materials. By virtue of his office and prerogative, he is exempt from every duty, even that of thinking—the least degree of activity, except that of mastication, being considered incompatible with the kingly station. His reign, however, is generally short, as he who devours the most krount at one setting always succeeds him in office, and presides at the next festival, at the conclusion of which he, in turn, is succeeded by some greater gourmand than himself.

**CONDUCTING POWER OF TREES.**—We find it stated by a respectable authority in an old volume of Scientific Memoirs, that the lightning often strikes the elm, chesnut, pine, every kind of oak, and sometimes ash and other trees, but never beach, birch or maple. Can any of our friends in the country inform us of facts relating to this theory? It is very clear, if it be true, that some regard may be advantageously paid to it, especially in the construction of houses.

Two English boys, under fourteen years of age, have been fined £5 each for kissing a girl on Shrove Tuesday; and for default of payment committed to the House of Correction for one month.

**NOVEL SPECIES OF STREET PAVING.**

A gentleman lately in St. Petersburgh, has described to us a new and ingenious mode of paving streets successfully tried in that capitol. Instead of wrought stones or Mc-Adam's gravel, (both of which are in use here) the Russians have employed blocks of wood set on end. They are a foot long by eight or nine inches broad, and are cut into hexagons, which are closely jointed and fitted to each other. When seen from a window in the second or third story, they present a regular and beautiful tessellated surface, like the inlaid oak floors seen in old houses. The droskies, which, from their heaviness, and the smallness of their wheels, make an intolerable noise on the wrought stone pavement, pass over the blocks of wood as quietly as if they rolled on a carpet.

A German merchant, residing at Valparaiso, in Chili, who is a great amateur of antiquarian research, some time ago engaged an intelligent Dane, named Kenous, to explore some of the wild regions of Chili, which probably had never before been visited by European travelers. This man is said to have made the most interesting discoveries. Among the Andes of Chili, he found an extensive plain, over which are scattered the ruins of a considerable city. As the Indians of Chili have always been nomades, and the Incas never succeeded in establishing their power in that country, it may be concluded that the city above mentioned, was built and inhabited by a civilized people, who have subsequently entirely disappeared.

**ANECDOTE.**—A young lawyer boasting of his readiness to undertake the defense of any person accused of crime, declared he would as soon undertake the cause of a man whom he knew to be guilty, as one whom he believed to be innocent. An aged Quaker being present, he appealed to him for the correctness of his views—“What say you to that, old gentleman?” “Why I say,” replied the Quaker, “that if thee lived in my neighborhood, *I should keep my stable locked*—that’s all.”—*Berkshire American.*

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Feb. 1.

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**COMPOUND TOOTH LOTION.**

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This wash, when judiciously used, will be found exceedingly useful to the Teeth, producing a healthy state of the gums, and is almost indispensable in treating diseases of the soft parts about the mouth. It will exert no pernicious influence upon the teeth; but is very beneficial in removing an irritable state of them.—It stands pre-eminently above all other kinds in use—it has high recommendations from the first physicians and dentists in the country—some of them professors in the medical department in Yale College, to whom we have the liberty of referring. We deem it not necessary here to give the recommendations in full, as they will be found on handbills and labels accompanying the wash. The best test of its merit is its use.

We refer to Professor Silliman, Doct. T. P. Beers, Professors in the medical department of Yale College; Docts. V. M. Dow, and D. H. Moore, M. D.'s of New Haven; Doct. D. C. Ambler, M. D., Dentist, New York—besides many others, whose opinions are valuable.

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**THE LITERARY TABLET**

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